

DAISY
MAE'S

Livin'

SPECIAL TRAVLIN' ISSUE

Road Kill **Recipe** Roundup:
Daisy Pigs Out!

Sumptuous **Shotgun** Weddings!

Gittin' There
In Style:

Color of the Month:
Camo!

Perfect **Pig** Makeovers!

Guns and **Gardenias!**
Dressin' Up Yer Ammo Box!



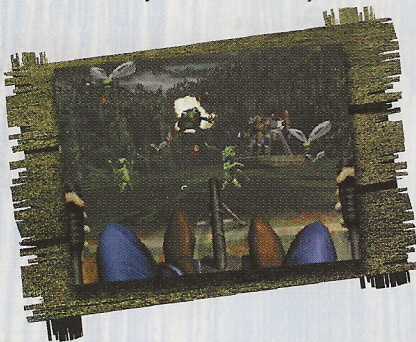
ask daisy mae?

BY DAISY MAE

Q: Howdy Daisy Mae! My cuz sez he see'd frogs fly. It cain't be, kin it?
— Croakless in Seattle

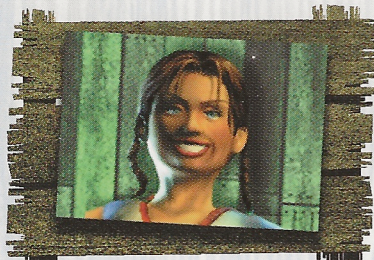
A: Here's a little something y'all should remember. In the swamp, the turd minions have mutated (thas like what happens when cousins marry too many times — not that there's anything wrong with that) into swamp minions. Insted of throwing turds, they pull frogs out of don't ask where and throw 'em at you.

Q: Daisy Mae, I saw in yer magazine how to dekerate with mortar shells, only I'm having truble getting 'em home. Any suggesgins?
— Heavy Metal in Shellbyville



A: What fools these mortars be! Guess you figurd out that swamp boat mortar shells are a tad bit real heavy. Kinda like yer pig after Thanks givin' dinner. You can only pick them up while yer on the swamp boat — the mortar shells, that is, not the pig. Pigs can be picked up just about any old time, 'specially outside the Slurp'n'Burp.

Q: Dear Miss Daisy, I keep runnin' outta ammo real fast but can't keep my finger offa trigger. What's a girl to do?
— Fast and Furious



A: It shirley is true, sweetheart, the twin machine guns on the front of the motorcycle will really tear up your enemy something good. Who! But to save precious ammo, run over the coots in the road if you can (coot road kill!) and save the big guns for enemies up on the cliffs where you can't run them down.

Q: Daisy M., Help, I'm having truble getting it up. My motorcycle, that is.
— Peter D. Out

A: Everybody needs help gettin' off sometimes. So, when you see a big ol' ditch, don't worry. The motorcycle can jump over ditches and will use ramps to get a big liftoff. Try it. You'll be surprised at how far you can jump — kinda like when the pig backed into a porkypine!

Q: Dear Daisy Mae, I gotta mouse in the house and it ain't helpin' me one bit. — Cheese'd Off in Wisconsin

A: If you are using a mouse for yer movement, try using the keyboard instead when driving the motorcycle or swamp boat. It's a little easier to handle and isn't as likely ta' leave mouse turds in your corn flakes.

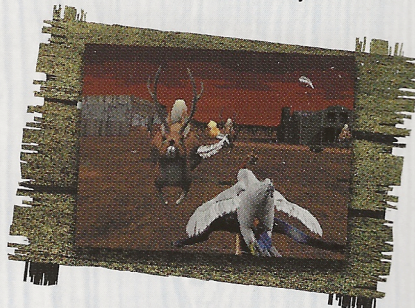
Q: Dear Miss Daisy Mae, I always herd cheerleaders waz hot but I'm getting thurd degreed burned just looking at 'em. Giv me a clue! — Red

A: Cute as those little cheerleaders are, all Dall-ass like and everything, they pack a mean flaming baton. Use the "strafing"

side-stepping keys to get yer butt outta the way. Fast, unless you like fried ass rinds.

Q: Dear Daisy, I hates to complain but it seems like them jackalopes is breedin' like rabbits. This ain't good, is it? — Sam Spayed

A: The problem here is the Big Bad Mama. You know that Mama Jackalope is so heavy that she causes earthquakes 3-point-0 on the Richter scale. Not to mention, she takes a 'hole lotta punishment and keeps on tickin'. Be aware: As Mama Jackalope starts dropping little jackalopes to attack you, they immediately get between you and her. They take the hits so Mama don't. And it ain't even Mother's Day.



Q: Dear Daisy, Everyone keeps tellin' me to pull it out. I don't get it?
— I.M. Stupid

A: Here's a simple one. Hit "1" to pull out yer crowbar. Then hit "1" again to put the crowbar away and whip out the sling blade. Mmmm hmmm.



fit to eat

COOKIN' WITH ROAD KILL, BY MISS DAISY MAE

THIS MONTH'S RECIPES

Pigs In A Blanket

'Kill Au Vin (Road Kill Stew)

Grits n' Goobers

Carcass n' Cream Ice Cream with

Ladyfingers

Whatever the time of year, whatever the occasun, there's nuthin more homey to serve yer guests than home-cooked 'Kill Au Vin — tha's French for 'Kill with Wine, though you kin substitute shine if that what you prefer to drink while makin' it. The following recipe is bound ta to be a crowd pleaser, so be shur to scoop enough Road Kill for all.

'Kill Au Vin (Road Kill Stew)

SERVES 6

6 large scoopings of Road Kill (jackalope, possum, squirrel, rabbit, chicken or mixed grille)

6 garlic cloves, smashed up real good

2 sprigs each parsley, thyme, bay leaf (you kin substitute half bottle

picante sauce for the above)

Mess of frying oil

2 jugs grain alkehoul or fine French wine

Pork rinds (to taste)

1. Clean the 'Kill of recap tire shavin's, spikes and broken headlight parts. If it's been real cold outside, thaw 'Kill before cooking.

2. Cut 'Kill into strips about 3 inches long and 2 inches wide. In a large deep skillet, heat the oil real good.

3. Drop the 'Kill in the skillet, add seasonings and one jug of grain. Simmer over medium heat for 4-6 hours or until 'Kill is tender.

4. Add pork rinds to taste. Serve with second jug of grain. Garnish with leftover 'Kill claws, tails or teeth.

Next Month: Pork Knucks with Molasses Glaze and Couscous.

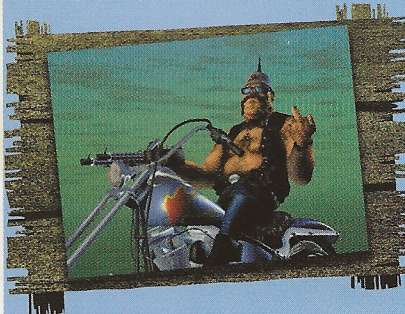


drivin' with daisy mae

by leonard

Hey, y'all. It's a rite big country and somebodys got to travel it. So, when ridin' the roads on your way back to Hickston, be mindful that you don't own the road, yer jes borrowin' a piece of it at a time. Well, that's what I got ta say about it. Here are some driving e-tee-keet rules you'd all be good to follow to help make your trip better'n all. Oh, an' watch out fer dynamite loaded chickens trying to get to the other side of the road.

- No mooning in school zones.
- Never pee outta the windy side of your truck's cab if any cousins you really like are ridin' in back



- When attending a funeral, outta respect for the deceased, take your pickup with the darkest color rust and shiniest gun rack
- Only pigs (family or friend) over 80 pounds qualify as a second passenger for carpool lanes
- Any route sign over 66 automatically becomes the allowable speed limit
- If you come to a town with its own stoplight, ignore all drivin' rules. Chances are if they kin afford a light, the food in the pokey's pretty good, too
- Always dim yer headlights for approaching vehicles, even if the chamber's loaded and the deer is lookin' yer way
- When approaching a 4-way stop, the truck with the biggest tires always gets the rightaway
- When sending your wife down the road with a bucket to get more gas, it's right rude to ask her to also bring back a six-pack

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HICKSTON CRUD**

DEV-OIL MOTOR OIL

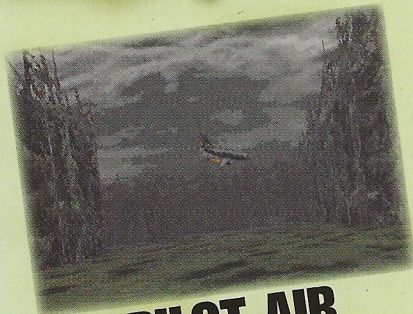
For Everyone Who's Ever Been
Accused of Being A Quart Low



DAISY QUEEN GAMBLIN' BOAT

LEAVIN' NIGHTLY FROM A BIG OL' DOCK NEAR YOU!
(Course, it helps if you live by the river)

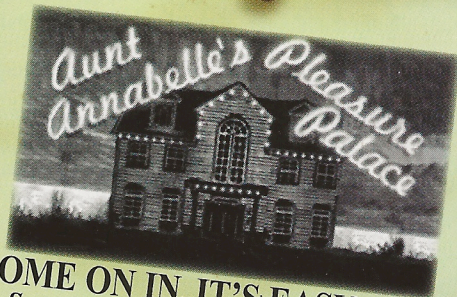
- GOVERNMENT CHECKS CASHED
- FOOD STAMPS HONORED IN STEERAGE BUFFET



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